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Big Bill Rides Again
– John C. Cort

THE

# Commonweal

## AFTER THE BRAVE NEW WORLD

by Bishop John J. Wright

## Can a Psychologist Be Religious?

by Victor White

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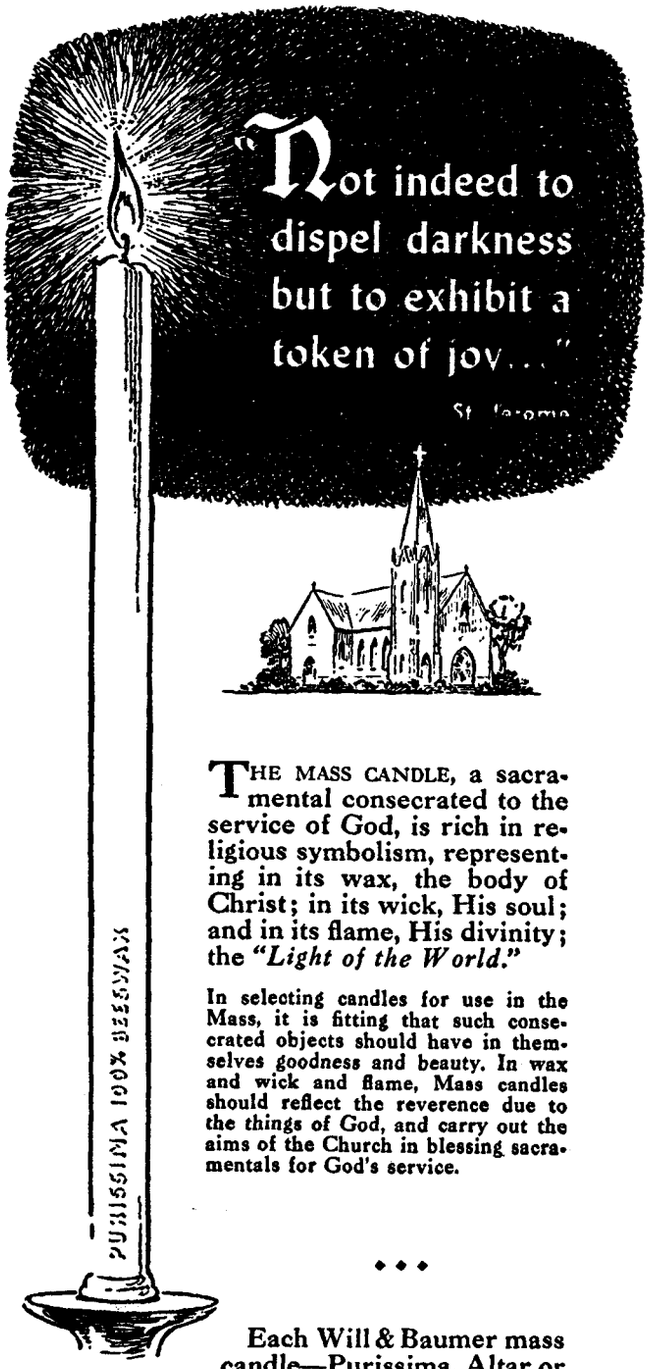


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THE
# Commonweal
week by week

## THE NEED FOR HOUSING

IN recent weeks, Chicago has been the scene of two outbreaks of violence. Because Negroes were moving into certain housing projects for the first time, hundreds of policemen had to be assigned to duty in the neighborhood in an effort to prevent full-scale rioting. Even with the police on duty, there have been sporadic outbreaks, including stone-throwing and arson.

Between such incidents and the housing situation there is a very real connection. Racial prejudice will not be conquered by adequate housing, but such tensions feed on a housing shortage. When getting or keeping a place to live means fierce competition with thousands of others equally intent, prejudice against minority racial groups easily turns into hatred, and hatred too often spills over into violence.

In Chicago today the housing shortage is still a grim reality. Apartments are at a premium, and since rent controls have been lifted too many landlords have taken advantage of the shortage by boosting rents sky-high. Other landlords are evicting tenants in order to convert family-size apartments into one-, two- and three-room kitchenettes.

Such conditions are not limited to Chicago, but are found with variations for local circumstances here and there throughout the country. The general housing picture is spotty, a fact which further complicates an already complicated situation. Some areas, especially those embracing mostly rural sections and smaller towns, have no housing problem to speak of. As a result, residents of such areas find it hard to understand talk of a housing shortage, and their representatives in Congress by and large tend to vote against slum clearance projects and federally aided housing programs. Meanwhile in our major cities the slums spread like a malignant disease, moving slowly here, racing quickly there, for lack of the touch of the surgeon's knife which is needed to check their growth.

Congress has in the past few years seemed more interested in pruning the budget than in clearing slums. Valuable and well planned programs have been pared down beyond recognition. Now the cuts made by the most recent Congress have almost finished the process. More plans have been cancelled, and the number of new projects has been reduced to a handful. Small wonder that city-dwellers who can afford it are continuing their flight to the suburbs, leaving behind them run-down residential districts to grow worse and worse.

THOSE who slash the sums allotted for slum clearance and public housing usually do so in the name of economy. But there is plenty of evidence to indicate how shortsighted such slashes are, even in terms of pure dollars and cents. One thing the economizers usually leave out of account is the extent to which public works projects raise property values in surrounding areas, to the benefit of private investors and public taxing bodies alike.

A recent demonstration of this dollars-and-cents value of public works projects was provided by Mr. Robert Moses, the forthright Construction Coordinator for the City of New York. Warning against turning over "our policies as to city growth and reconstruction to short-sighted, professional critics, pompous advocates of Spartan economy whatever the ultimate cost, and noisy opponents of all removals of private property from the tax rolls," Mr. Moses pointed out the extent to which public works projects increase the values of entire city neighborhoods. Where public and quasi-public housing projects are concerned, Mr. Moses reported that the surrounding areas increased in valuation by sixty-six per cent. In one case, a slum clearance program to make way for a super-highway increased the value of the surrounding area more than two thousand per cent. Few neighborhoods showed an increase this phenomenal, but all were substantially benefited.

Even before World War II, there was a lag between housing need and supply, between what was built and what decent family living standards demand. The War, with its slowdown on building and repairs, only made acute what had long been a chronic ailment. Recognition of such facts made



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even such a conservative as the late Senator Taft call for a large program of federally financed housing projects, much to the consternation of his right-wing admirers. Similar careful study of the facts of the housing situation should convince other men of good will that federal action in housing is essential.

Americans have been living with the housing shortage for years. By this time it has probably become as familiar to them as an old shoe, if considerably less comfortable. Yet habit should not blind us. If one considers its implications for family life and hence for the national welfare, a housing shortage of such proportions is a national scandal. Eight years after the end of the War, it is more than time to reverse directions and do something about it.

### THE UN AND MOROCCO

THE Security Council is as sharply divided on introducing the Moroccan question as the General Assembly was on India's presence at the Korean peace negotiations. In both cases American policy was sustained, but in neither case by a majority vote. Both in the matter of India and the national aspirations of the French colonies of Morocco and Tunisia American delegates find themselves hard pressed. Failing to win the required majority in the Council, the Asia-African group will now seek to have the Moroccan question taken up by the Assembly.

The colonial question is harassing to Mr. Lodge and his colleagues in that the pressure is being exerted against one of our principal allies at a time when grave domestic difficulties and the protracted war in Indo-China are straining France to the utmost. Yet anti-colonialism is one of our national traditions; sympathy is widespread for those who seek their independence as our forebears once did. Our own spontaneous sentiments parallel those of all but the few colonial powers.

To strike a balance between support of France (so vital to the defenses of Western Europe) and liberation of the colonial peoples is difficult in the extreme. A starting point, however, that harmonizes with the overwhelmingly majority opinion in the world, as well as our own, is the premise that all peoples have the right to decide how, and by whom they shall be governed.

The question of self-determination becomes no longer *if* but *when*, and here lies one of its greatest dangers. For colonial powers such as the French do subscribe in theory to the eventual independence of their colonies. But they keep putting off the day on the grounds that the natives are not yet capable of self-government. It is not so much that the colonial powers themselves are largely responsible for this political backwardness as that they have not even today seriously planned to develop the needed capacities among their charges. Hence the conclusion is inevitable that the intention is to hold onto present colonies as long as it proves possible.

That is a losing game—of which the war in Indo-China, important as it is for the defense of Southeast Asia, is an extreme example. In the end the effort to hold peoples in political subjugation against their will does not pay, either directly or in the light of the antipathy colonialism arouses among the free peoples of the world. Hence our obstruction in defense of colonies, as in the Security Council, can have disastrous consequences.

It is not as if we enjoyed the luxury of a big margin in the cold war (to view the matter only in terms of national self-interest). Invariably when we persuade all the Latin American nations to vote with us—and throw our weight around—at the United Nations, it arouses much resentment even among our friends. To do this in the lost cause of colonialism is sheer folly.

Instead of seeking to protect the colonial interests of our principal allies, American delegates should urge upon these powers an orderly liquidation of these interests. Our time-table for Philippine independence could serve as somewhat of a model—not that we should pose as over-virtuous about an achievement made possible largely because certain American farm interests wanted Filipino products thrust outside our tariff walls. But without a hard schedule of this kind, coordinated with thorough preparation for self-rule and varying from colony to colony, talk about eventual liberation is so much

## NEXT WEEK

LEO R. WARD discusses whether there is or is not a specifically Christian learning.

"Homer was an adept and wise man, and so was Dante a man adept in his art and full of wisdom. Aristotle was a scholar, and so too was Aquinas. But there is a remarkable difference. Dante knew and expressed things that Homer did not know and could not express. Aquinas knew things that the others did not guess might be true: things about God, man and human conduct. . . . The sum of things understood, or better understood (we would never perfectly understand God, man, or the law of conduct) with the indispensable aid of beliefs is the additional content in Judaeo-Christian learning."



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dust in the eye and plays into the hands of the Kremlin. To be true to our national ideals and sustain on a solid democratic foundation the cause which we and our allies are engaged to defend, the United States must stand for liberation and insist on making it feasible for all colonial peoples.

### THE LAWYERS GUILD

ATTORNEY General Brownell recently announced that he planned to put the National Lawyers Guild on his list of subversive organizations. Before this can be done, hearings will be held, and the organization has announced that it will fight against being so designated. But whatever the ultimate outcome of the hearings, one aspect of the matter is worth noting right now.

The Guild was formed in 1936 by a group of New Deal lawyers who resented the opposition to most of FDR's program by the powerful American Bar Association. Later there was a struggle for power inside the organization between the Communists and non-Communists, as in many another liberal group. At that time many prominent lawyers left the organization, and it is the contention of the Attorney General that the Communists won the battle for control. Certainly there is considerable evidence to indicate that the Guild has followed the Party line closely since 1946.

But however the hearings come out, U.S. citizens might well note that one-time membership in the Guild should not be considered to condemn any individual out of hand. Many Negro lawyers, for instance, flocked to join the Guild, and with good reason. Originally, as Mr. Brownell was careful to point out, the Guild attracted some "very well known and completely loyal American citizens including many colored members who found it would admit them at a time when our American Bar Association failed to do so." The government may have reason to put the Guild on its subversive list now, but those who helped swell its membership by following undemocratic practices might well ponder their own part in this drama.

### THE ETERNAL VETERANS

EVERYBODY, it's been said, loves a soldier. It has also been said that old soldiers never die. There may be some truth in these sayings, at least there sometimes seems to be. Many veterans have a habit of getting together every year—year after year after year. They march and sing and cavort. Everyone applauds them. High dignitaries and officials in the State come many miles to tell them how wonderful they are.

But, to be quite honest, we must admit that veterans organizations sometimes try the love which their fellow citizens so readily grant them. For, not content at fun and frolic, they frequently enter into resolutions of serious import for their country's future. And here the unquestioning approval ends and criticism is in order.

This, of course, is as it should be. Veterans' organizations, whatever their competence in the realm of good feeling and good fellowship, possess no special distinction in the area of political wisdom. Here their judgment is open to serious challenge—as is the judgment of any other special-interest group.

The American Legion, for example, is given to taking strong, sometimes bellicose, stands on matters vital to the national welfare. It often attempts, through pressure, to impose these stands on local communities and on the national government itself. Obviously, in a democratic, pluralist society, this is its right. Other citizens, however, who feel that the Legion's position on important issues is shortsighted, foolish or dangerous, have a similar right to speak out.

This year's American Legion convention, like some in the past, seemed to us a curious mixture of wisdom and foolishness. The statesmen who came to address the veterans provided most of the wisdom. Vice President Nixon, Secretary of State Dulles, and Secretary of Defense Wilson gave mature and valuable speeches on the problems of war and peace. Most of the foolishness was provided by the veterans themselves, in some of their speeches and, even more, in some of their resolutions.

The legionnaires, for example, demanded a Congressional investigation of the American Civil Liberties Union, called on President Eisenhower to oppose any legislation which would "open our doors to additional displaced persons," and denounced the "so-called liberal attitudes of universities and other schools who invite noted Communists to address the student body." (No specification was made of what "so-called liberal universities" in the year 1953 actually have invited "noted Communists" to "address the student body.") They also put themselves on record as being "unalterably opposed to the Consumers Union and its publication, *Consumers Reports*." Other resolutions were passed too, but these few give some indication of the universality of the Legion's interests.

One resolution was not passed, however. The veterans defeated the resolution which called for an amendment to the Legion constitution which would



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bar racial discrimination in subsidiary Legion units. (Though Negroes are, at present, admitted to the Legion proper, they are not permitted in the Legion's social branch, the Forty and Eight Club.)

And so, in spite of the occasional wisdom, this convention was, all in all, a dreary and dangerous business. One of its few encouraging spots appeared, ironically, in the reason given by the "Americanism" Committee for rejecting a resolution which would have commended the entire American press, radio, and television, for support of the Legion's "Americanism" program. Some of the press, radio, and television, the committee said, do not support it.

## CONCORDANCE: SPAIN AND THE U.S.

AFTER a year and a half of negotiations, a concordat was signed last month between the Holy See and the government of Spain. The concordat is unusual in that it merely stabilizes and sanctions a relationship that has existed for some years. Usually such formal agreements between Church and State are drawn up in order to relieve tensions or put an end to a period of dissension.

The new concordat is thoroughly in keeping with the Spanish tradition, but there are several features in the agreement that would be quite unthinkable in an American context. Thus on the question of official tolerance of non-Catholic religions: Though the concordat reaffirms that "none shall be molested for their religious beliefs or the private practice of their worship," still "no other ceremonies or external demonstrations than those of the Catholic religion shall be permitted." (A year ago Cardinal Segura of Seville had maintained that even this minimal tolerance of non-Catholic groups was not binding on Spanish Catholics, since the article establishing it had not been approved by the Holy See. Its official adoption now is widely regarded as a victory for General Franco, whose regime was bitterly assailed in 1952 by the Seville Cardinal because of the "tolerance" it was bestowing on Protestants.)

The concordat re-establishes a privilege enjoyed by former kings of Spain—the government has been given a powerful say in the appointment of the Spanish hierarchy. Six names are submitted to the Pope by the head of the Spanish state; from these the Holy Father chooses three and the ultimate choice of Bishop is made by the government from one of these three. Such a practice in our own country would go counter to all our feelings about complete freedom of action for the Church. As "the only religion of the Spanish people," Catholicism is taught in all the schools of Spain, but the children of non-Catholic parents may on request be excused from religion classes. The freedom of religion enjoyed by Moslems and Jews in Spanish colonial territories will continue undisturbed.

Some of the provisions of this concordat, while not as rigid and intolerant as many would have them, still sound alien to American ears. It must be remembered that Spain is overwhelmingly Catholic and has a totally different tradition of Church-State relationship. The pattern was fixed long years before the American tradition was developed and the fruits of that tradition (our own thriving Catholicism, for instance) were evident. Separation of Church and State in the American sense is as foreign to the Spaniard—as "un-Spanish"—as close union is to the American, who would find such a concordat between the Holy See and Washington thoroughly "un-American."

But however much we may understand the history behind the Spanish arrangement and appreciate the differences between a pluralist country and one unified in faith, the fact is that we would not under any circumstances choose the Spanish pattern of Church-State relationship over our own. The idea of the head of state having the decisive word on the choice of Bishops, for instance, offends our religious as well as our political sensibilities.

The Vatican paper *L'Osservatore Romano* hailed the signing of the new concordat as an example of that "fruitful cooperation between the ecclesiastical and temporal power which is always and everywhere the best premise of peaceful development and growth of the religious and civil life of the nations." We agree that cooperation augurs well for the health of both Church and State. Indeed, there are many examples of fruitful cooperation in our own country. But if cooperation between Church and State in the U.S. is to be effective, it must be along American lines and unquestionably in terms other than those acceptable in Spain. Our Constitution sanctions, while at the same time it severely limits, the kind of cooperation suitable here.

So firmly do Americans of all beliefs value their own traditions that any attempt to weld a Church-State relationship along Spanish lines would undoubtedly cause untold dissension in the U.S. and set up dreadful antagonism between those two loyalties of American Catholics that have always existed side by side, the one nurturing the other. The Spanish pattern may suit Spain; it would be hopelessly discordant in our American climate and destructive of political liberty as we understand it. We have our own tradition; we are proud of that tradition; and in its favor we point to the health of the Church in the U.S., which speaks eloquently for its claims.



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# After the Brave New World

**"NOW NAIVE OPTIMISM HAS YIELDED TO NERVOUS FEARS AND DAWNISM HAS TURNED INTO TWILIGHTISM."**

✠ JOHN J. WRIGHT

LESS than a decade ago men were talking of a "brave new world," a world of four universal freedoms (among them freedom from fear), not a world divided into those possessed of these blessings and those deprived of them, but rather of "one world," of nations united and peoples at peace in a reign of concord and prosperity within a global new Arcady.

Such a Pollyanna outlook, so woefully mistaken in the event, was born of a blend of naiveté, untimely optimism and sheer weariness with the rude by-products of the age of nationalism. Its Messianic touch—sometimes it seemed to seek a Messianic Age without the Messias!—was described by one astute critic in the early forties as "Dawnism," the ingenuous expectation that the millenium was at hand, or at the very most a political conference or two away.

It is easy now, with the bland wisdom of hindsight, to make fun of those who placed too sanguine credit in the political hopes kindled by "Dawnism," but at the time, even ten years ago, if there were many who did not share the general mistaken sense of well-being and whispering hope, they maintained a discreet silence which certainly no longer serves to identify them.

Moreover, if we may choose among follies, the comfortable excesses of "Dawnism" were somehow preferable, at least for the moment, to the opposite extremes to which we have more recently gone. For now naive optimism has yielded to nervous fears and "Dawnism" has melted into Defeatism, or, to keep the figure, turned into a "Twilightism" in which there hang about us the pessimistic despair, the brooding fears and the trepidation of the *Götterdämmerung*.

The Most Reverend John J. Wright, D.D., is Bishop of the diocese of Worcester, Massachusetts.

It is no longer necessary to rebuke the sunny follies of the "Dawnists." They are a sad company by now, and any Jack-in-the-Pulpit lacking a better text, or village Hampden intent upon election, can give a hundred reasons to stoke with warmer fagots the sorry pyres of the "one world" dreamers, the visionaries and Utopia-seekers of less than a decade ago.

What now calls for diagnosis and cure is the contagious mood of universal discouragement spread on every side by a host of Giants of Despair. These have turned Doubting Castle into a mighty convention headquarters for panic-stricken editors, lecturers, candidates for public office and even clergy who, disenchanted with prospects for the millenium, bid us now prepare as best we may for the approaching dissolution of every hope and help.

There was a kind of political Pelagianism in the pretensions of the "Dawnists," a foolish trust that mankind could be lifted by its own bootstraps to that peace which the world cannot of itself give or attain; accordingly, Christians should have been on their guard against the too arrogant hopes of the Dawnists. But the Defeatists, the unduly sad of mind and sick of heart, the current prophets of inevitable and general doom, have their heretical taint, too. Perhaps we may call it political Jansenism, particularly in its implications that the world suffers from total depravity, mankind from complete corruption of the will to achieve or improve, and God Himself from the paralyzing restrictions of a limited atonement.

If Pelagius, headstrong and vain, is the patron of the Dawnists, the Defeatists find their spiritual kinsmen (whether they like it or not) in the bleak shades of Calvin, Jansenius, Quesnel and Schopenhauer. In any case, it is their pessimism and spirit of fear which threaten to overwhelm us at the moment. Some of the



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Defeatists preach the refuge of Christians in a false mysticism, a pseudo-spiritual flight from the realities of the world in which God has placed us to work out our salvation. Others in their fear urge recourse to the outmoded and false securities of a re-born nationalism, political isolationism or pagan militarism. Most of them are frankly cynical, but a few are romantics in their reactionary retreat from whatever is unfamiliar or tentative or untried.

All have in common a fundamental pessimism and a paralyzing fear. Even when they speak (as certain of them do) of Christian values and their defense, they repeat the letter of Christian phrases with little if any of the spirit of Christian hope, confidence and divine courage which is, as rarely before, the supreme need of mankind.

MUCH of this dispirited and fearful defeatism is perhaps a form of battle-fatigue in the age-old struggle of men to wrest some measure of order and security from the chaos about them, but much is also due to loss of perspective. People always tend to see their times out of focus and each generation is tempted to believe that nobody before has known the troubles it must endure.

Take, for example, one of the most outrageous of the typical problems which so disturb us and account for our fears. It is shocking that the Primate of Croatia should be in the toils of Comrade Tito; that the Primate of Hungary should have been broken and degraded by Citizen Rakosi; that the Cardinal of China should be in exile; that the Primate of Bohemia and the spiritual princes of the people of Poland and leaders of other nations should be in peril of their lives, prevented by violence from the public preaching of the Gospel. All this is shocking and sacrilegious, and that some should condone such crimes is also iniquitous and unworthy.

These things scandalize but they should not depress to hopelessness or throw into panic those who, as Christians, are privileged to see and to hear with better faculties than the eyes and ears of sense. The devout should know that God is still at work and that perhaps the hallowed chains of His modern servants, like those of Peter and Paul of old, will, in His strange Providence, prove stronger bonds of His Church, restored and renewed, than ever would the happier freedom which only yesterday permitted us to mingle in joyful fraternity and visible fellowship with our brethren of the present Church of Silence.

The devout intellectual not only perceives this, as do the simplest of the faithful, but he remembers that it was ever thus. He does not react to the skyrocketing headlines of the hour with disorganized dismay and vehement rage as if he had never seen or heard the like. Rather, recalling the small print of his history books, he watches with serenity as once again the tyrants who would tame God's men, like Cardinal Fisher or Blessed Oliver Plunkett, are in fact slowly but surely tamed by them, if not in themselves at least in their descendancy.

It steadies his faith (as well as his nerves) and clarifies for him the immediate as well as the ultimate issues in the great tensions between the City of God and the City of this world, when, seeing the plight of Beran or Mindzenty or Stepinac, he remembers Becket and Hildebrand and that blood of the martyrs which was once and is still the seed of the Church. He reflects that the torches kindled along the villa drives of Nero are black and cold, but God's stars still shine; that Attila is dust, and no man can point out the grave where rots the threefold coffin of gold, silver and iron in which they buried him—but God's Son still speaks through new Leos to the converted sons of the soldiers of Attila, the earlier Scourge of God.

It therefore becomes the duty of the Christian intellectual to intensify in himself and communicate to the rest of us this balanced, serene perspective which sees all things in their proper relation to one another and, above all, to God, evaluating them in the light of eternity as well as of history. Such calm detachment may be more than we usually expect from partisan politicians, though we have a right to ask it of any who aspire to be true servants of the common good or genuine statesmen.

A sense of history and of eternity may not be present in pamphleteers and their radio equivalents, though we may properly expect it of responsible journalists and of others who presume to shape that greatest of powers for good or evil, which is public opinion. But, however others may fret and frenzy, our intellectuals—professors, writers, preachers and editors—are called to maintain something of the equanimity of the saints, thus preserving us from the extremes of giddy complacency or vituperative despair to which the foolish and the misinformed are alternately driven by the shifting fortunes of history.

This is the perennial vocation of the Christian intellectual: to resist the intemperate talk alike of the brash innovators and the nervous traditionalist; to remain spiritually confident and intellectually calm in the face of change or challenge, the threat of evil or the seduction of novelty. Sometimes as we read our press or listen to our speakers we wonder what has become of sober moderation, balanced judgment and controlled emotion.

CARDINAL Newman, in his Oxford University sermon on Wisdom, describes the "majestic calm" which the study of philosophy gives to the intellect of a man of right reason.



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After philosophy, among the natural arts and sciences which impose intellectual calm and disciplined moderation of judgment one may well place historical studies, sacred and secular. Perhaps of especial help to our generation, so fearful in its faith and so preoccupied with the power of evil, would be a new approach to hagiography, the luminous history of the saints.

This neglected field of historical studies prepares the serene Christian intellectual to keep before our eyes, so often frightened by maps which show political frontiers overrun by violence, another map, ultimately more accurate and certainly more reassuring. We might call this other map "An Atlas of the City of God on Earth," and it might well be accompanied by "A Gazetteer of Human History in the Light of the Saints." These would remind us that not all places under heaven are battlefields where evil triumphs, or cities of confusion where justice is mocked and malice, treachery and violence hold their evil courts.

The moderating power of history, properly studied, its capacity to teach temperate patience and to restore balanced perspective, makes the more regrettable the decline, not to say disappearance, of ancient history courses in our schools and colleges. Men are less likely to despair in the face of the physical destruction of their cities when they remember the topless towers of Ilium and yet the poetry and heroic vision that the human spirit salvaged from them. They will still resent treacherous fifth columns, but will be better able to cope with them, reasonably and resolutely, if they are spared alarm and given mature wisdom by the memory of the Trojan Horse and the recognition that the ingenuity of evil has not shown much progress in all these many centuries.

Men who have once reflected, through long evenings of study, on how titanic a task it was to found the Roman state will be reassured rather than exasperated as they read of the intricate, painstaking trouble needed to organize a whole world in peace and prosperity. They are less likely to rail at the failures of the UN and the meager progress of world courts and Leagues of Nations who remember the fortunes of the Amphictyonic Leagues twenty-five centuries ago in Greece and who have diligently traced from that day to our own the patient efforts to organize tribes, then towns, cities and states, then continents and hemispheres into something like a collaborative human community.

Not only ancient history, but more recent, too, will help the Christian intellectual imitate the patience of the saints and share the perspective of the Church. Wise students of modern English history, for example, will recall how often leaders before our times have despaired of civilization and have been prepared to throw in the sponge too soon.

They will reflect how William Pitt, speaking in 1790, reached the melancholy conclusion that his people had come to the end of their rope. There is scarcely anything around us, he said, but ruin and despair!

They will remember that the Duke of Wellington, dying in 1851, thanked God that by his death he would be spared from seeing the total ruin that he felt sure was close at hand for his people. That was a century ago and since then his people have survived a dozen "fatal" crises to see the rejoicings of this year's Coronation.

In 1849, just over a hundred years ago, Disraeli was on the verge of utter despair. He said, "In industry, commerce and agriculture, there is no hope whatsoever!" But in the century since, industry has reached peaks which he could never have managed; commerce has outstripped anything that he knew in his most prosperous days and, with all its worries, the world is hardly worse than the world Disraeli knew.

And so in our own time a cry is raised which strikes terror in the hearts of the timid flock. The Church has had her day, it is asserted. She may have been pertinent in a feudal order, but she is obsolete in the age of democracy.

The devout student of history, however, merely takes down his history books as he hears these things, and, going no further back than the nineteenth century, he finds a single paragraph from a history of the Church in the United States which restores his sane perspective.

Describing bigotry a hundred years ago, the historian Father Roemer tells how the self-styled Know-Nothings were joined in their attacks by some militant anti-Catholics who then thought they could discern the total collapse of the Church in the near future. To their way of thinking, conditions in Europe once again presaged this collapse. Father Roemer specifies: "Italy had in part risen up against the pope. French Catholics were not in agreement among themselves. Germany was breeding a gang of intellectual malcontents, who were endangering the Church in the home country and



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could be used to influence the Catholics in our country. England was vehemently protesting the restoration of the hierarchy and was causing upheavals. Spain could not drag herself out of her dynastic revolutions and was sadly influencing the Church. Consequently these Protestants thought it should not be difficult to persuade the Catholics in this country that their Church was nothing more than an antiquated 'medieval' fossil for which there was no future."

Meanwhile they judged that some prodding, with the aid of the nativists, would help hasten the end. The prodding was bitter and the results frequently violent as may be seen in the incendiary crimes committed in Boston or the indignities suffered by Archbishop Bedini and the madcap mischief let loose in America by the visit of Louis Kossuth, or the blood curdling harangues of Alessandro Gavazzi. But this, too, all passed—and few recall the burning of the Ursulines or the beating of Father Bapst as they visit the hundreds of New England convent schools and witness the enlightened descendants of the Know-Nothings joined now in friendly action for the general good with priests whose fathers helped scrape the tar and feathers from the bleeding flesh of John Bapst a century ago.

The lesson, then, that the patient Catholic intellectual learns from all this (a lesson, remember, which his untutored peasant cousin has intuitively understood for centuries) is not that we should be Pollyannas but that we should be Christians, men of a confidence rooted in the recognition that men and events pass, God and His work endure.

We reserve the right to question the spiritual soundness as well as the intellectual acumen of those whose editorials or lectures (or, for that matter, sermons) perpetually cry havoc or proclaim the bankruptcy of hope and the early end of all. The authentic, sober yet radiant spirit of the Church is more perfectly echoed in the manful words pronounced last month in the ruins of Cologne by Cardinal Feltin of Paris. "We believe in the future of humanity," the French cardinal declared. "We Christians are more optimistic than all others, even though we recognize the vast errors of which human nature is capable. We are not Utopians, but we know that grace is stronger than sin."

That same spirit of Christian optimism animated the valiant Pope Pius XI (a librarian, by the way) when he thanked God that he lived in times of such trouble and testing that it was no longer possible for a Christian to be mediocre.

IN such an attitude the Christian intellectual is not, of course, condoning evil; neither is he minimizing it or forgetting that it is evil. Quite the contrary; he is simply robbing it of that victory over himself which would be Satan's real triumph if once even evil could make the good man mad, depriving him of the spiritual equilibrium by which he is able to pass unruffled and unscathed through the scandal of the world. And how much better, even as a tactic but certainly as an evidence of Christian conviction, is the self-possessed urbanity of Newman's approach to the tension between the Christian's faith and the pretensions of the world, as contrasted with the asperity, the air of personal indignation and the frequent bad temper of those who sometimes bring to the defense of Christian values a zeal not proportionately matched by prudence, wisdom or patience.

Such an intellectual pattern would produce Christian champions in the great war between truth and error now being waged for the conquest of the empires of the mind, champions more given to reason that to wrath; more conspicuous for their share in the patience of God Himself than for the explosive resentments and petty irritations of men who, because they are unreasonable, are really less than men.

St. Paul asked that the Christian Gospel be defended in season and out of season. But he admonished his disciple to rebuke, when rebuke he must, "in all patience and doctrine" (2 Tim. 4, 2), two phrases which sum up succinctly the qualities of will and intellect which most become the Christian intellectual.

A generation of genuine Christian intellectuals, mighty in patience and powerful in doctrine, would have neither time nor taste for ill-tempered denunciations, cheap verbal victories and frenzied argument; they would prefer the persevering long-suffering work of leavening, quietly and calmly, the world's resistance to the truth, of building with confident determination and Godlike magnanimity the enduring walls of the Kingdom of God among the tribes of men.

Thus they would work and speak with the genial tolerance of Gamaliel, the disciplined patience of Paul, the sweet forbearance of John, the long-range vision of Augustine, the cheerful optimism of Francis of Assisi, the meticulous accuracy of Aquinas, the magnificent equanimity of Thomas More, the gentle moderation of Francis de Sales, the detachment and good-humored common sense of Philip Neri, the sensitive sobriety and scholarly insight of Newman, the fearless criticism yet transcendent calm of the great encyclicals of the modern popes.

These are the marks of the Christian intellectual, the true expositors of the Catholic faith and defenders of the Christian heritage—these, and not the embarrassing impatience and half-truths of nervous guerrilla warriors on the Christian front, men full of fears unworthy of the kinsmen of the saints and so often given to tactics unbecoming those who claim to love God and to hate only error.



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# Can a Psychologist Be Religious?

VICTOR WHITE

THE question set to me is very concrete: can the claims of religion and psychology be reconciled in the same person? I would stress the word "reconciled." There are, of course, people who can profess beliefs and views on Sundays which conflict violently with the beliefs and views that govern them from Monday to Saturday, but who manage to keep them both in such watertight compartments that they never meet, let alone clash. There are others who would hold as a principle that religion is religion, and psychology a branch of scientific medicine, and that they never *should* meet. In this way they need no more clash in the same person than need the religion of a chemist and the chemistry of a chemist, or the religion and mathematics of a mathematician.

This is a trouble-saving theory, but I do not think it can be sustained. Religion and psychology are both directly concerned with the human soul or psyche, each with a kind of *cura animarum* (cure or care of souls); each seeks the health of the human personality and society. And in fact we find that they are to a large extent the selfsame anxieties and problems, obsessions and compulsions which our ancestors took to the priest or the pastor that today are more often taken to the psychiatrist.

But the answer to our question, whether religion and psychology can be reconciled in the same person, will depend in great measure on that person's religion and on his psychology. If the religion is occupied exclusively with another world, if it pushes the slogans of *sola fides* to the extent of denying faith any radical influence on the human personality or on the behavior-patterns of this world, the question will hardly arise. If, on the other hand, the psychology is such as to dogmatize to the effect that religion is an illusion, the obsessional neurosis of mankind, religion will not appear as something to be reconciled with psychology, but rather as a disease—or at best an infantile atavism —to be cured. Such dogmatism is less favored today than it was forty years ago, and few will now claim that it owed much to genuine empirical observation. The work of Jung, in particular, has made it increasingly difficult for psychologists to ignore the importance of religious imagery and attitudes in mental health and sickness.

Father White is an English Dominican who is the author of the recently published "God and the Unconscious."

THERE are many who would recognize this, and who will also recognize that the traditional fields of religion and modern psychotherapy largely coincide. But they maintain that the approach and method of religion and of psychotherapy respectively are radically opposed and irreconcilable. Modern psychotherapy, they claim, is essentially a secularized form of *cura animarum*: it is the child of secularized medicine, and has come into existence precisely because the old religious solutions of psychological problems had become obsolete and ineffective. *Weltanschauliche Neutralität*—a strict neutrality on matters of belief and value—is indeed a basic principle of orthodox classical psychoanalysis.

Historically speaking, all this is true enough, but it becomes increasingly doubtful that it can much longer remain true if depth-psychology is to develop. It is not only the Jungians who have become increasingly confronted with archetypal figures and motifs, and the conscious attitudes to be taken towards them, or with the problems of *Weltanschauung,* of the purpose or purposelessness of human existence, which emerge sooner or later in every deep analysis. It becomes increasingly clear that the Freudian ideal of neutrality itself implied a *Weltanschauung,* and despite its laudable aim to respect the patient's freedom and individuality, it was itself largely an illusion, and in fact involved an unconscious and inconsistent indoctrination —in a materalistic, deterministic viewpoint.

An analyst who is conscious of his own beliefs and *Weltanschauung,* whatever they may be, is very much less liable to abuse the transference, and impose alien views on the patient, than is one who is not aware of them. With this many psychologists today will agree, even though they would hesitate to go all the way with Igor Caruso and the Innsbruck school in maintaining that "every neurosis displays a false synthesis of reality, and is therefore inseparable from *Weltanschauung.*" Evidence is strong, if not conclusive, that neurotic anxiety is often a substitute for an existential anxiety and responsibility which a wholly secularized and deterministic therapy can never meet. It can uncover the need which faith in God and grace claim to supply: it cannot itself supply them.

From its earliest days, depth-psychology was much occupied with apparently religious phenomena. Today their psychological importance is increasingly understood, and with this understanding has come the realization of the need to study and understand them. But this is not to say that religion and psychology are immediately reconcilable in the same person.

To be interested in religion or religions, to recognize



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their functional value and importance in the past, and for particular individuals in the present, is not necessarily to be religious. Indeed such interest in study may possibly prove an obstacle. Religion is rooted in an "I—Thou" relationship: the encounter of a subject with a subject. More precisely, religion means a voluntary attitude of reverence and awe towards the unknown and the unseen. For this, the objectivity of science, even of psychological science, even of the scientific psychology of religion, is no substitute. Indeed it will be a false objectivity making for a false science if it confines attention to religious imagery and phenomena and leaves out of account the worshipful "I-Thou" attitude of the religious man. It will leave out of account that transcendence of the ego—cognitive, conative and affective—which is the most elementary gift which religious faith and practice offer to man: and no proficiency in the scientific study of religions will supply for the psychological effects of physically bending the knee before the Divine mystery, for participation with our fellow men in adoration and praise, thanksgiving and prayer, for the joining of soul and body in the social rites, inward and outward, of sacrifice and sacraments.

Museums are instructive institutions but they are not the same as temples or churches, and it could be fatal to mistake one for the other. It would perhaps be too much to claim that it is impossible to understand religion, or its psychological function, without oneself sharing religious beliefs and attitudes, but it would be nearer to the truth than to suppose that such understanding can easily be attained by the sort of scientific detachment required by the physical sciences.

I AM, however, far from contending that no difficulties and tensions are to be expected in reconciling religion as we know it today with psychology as we know it today, but I am persuaded that both can only benefit from the effort. Each challenges the other to a more precise examination of its own methods and aims —the kind of health which each seeks, the comprehensiveness of the soul or psyche with which each is concerned, the scope and limitations of the methods which each sort of *cura animarum* pursues. There are many linguistic confusions that require clarification before understanding can be reached. Both religion and psychology, for instance, are occupied with the problem of guilt: both seek its elimination, the one by confession and forgiveness, the other by different methods, perhaps less easy to define. But do they understand quite the same thing by the word? The psychologist and the theologian are both called to define their terms more exactly if real issues are to be squarely faced and merely verbal muddles and misunderstandings are to be avoided.

But is is not for me to tell the psychologist his business. In my own professional field—that of theology—I find that modern psychology brings immense tasks and opportunities. For, in countless different ways, psychology, and especially depth-psychology, is showing us again, not indeed the truth, but the *relevance* of Christian beliefs and practices to the perennial needs of the human soul, that very relevance of which our age has so largely become unconscious. Such psychology can be of immense service in aiding the theologian and the preacher to restate them in terms of the needs of our own time, and in so doing greatly enrich his own apprehension of them.

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***THE LABOR MOVEMENT***

# Big Bill Rides Again

THE time is October, 1935, and the scene is the floor of the AFL convention in a hotel on the boardwalk at Atlantic City. John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, is addressing the convention on the necessity of organization on a plant-wide basis in the mass-production industries such as steel, auto, rubber, electrical and radio products. The subsequent dialogue and action are approximately as follows:

*William L. (Big Bill) Hutcheson, president of the Carpenters, interrupting for the fifth time*: Point of order, Mr. Chairman! Point of Order!

*John L.*: This business of raising points of order is pretty small potatoes.

*Big Bill*: I was raised on small potatoes, you so-and-so.

John L. advances on Big Bill and there is a brief flurry of fisticuffs. No one goes down, but Big Bill is sufficiently damaged to have to go off to the washroom for repairs.

A short while later a resolution advocating industrial unionism is voted down by craft union leaders, who want to retain the privilege of carving up industrial plants into a multiplicity of craft organizations.

AND so the CIO was born. A month later the presidents of eight AFL international unions, led by Lewis, met to organize the Committee for Industrial Organization. In 1936 the AFL suspended these unions and in 1938, after two years of smash triumphs in organizing the unorganized, Lewis and friends set up



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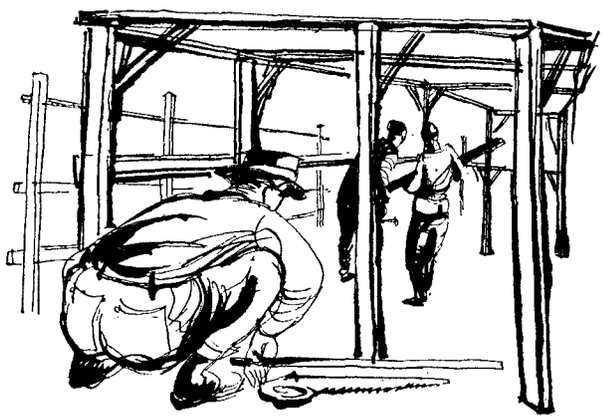
a permanent organization called the Congress of Industrial Organizations.

Did I say "permanent"? Today the chances of mending that split are better than at any time since 1935. And once again Big Bill Hutcheson, now eighty years old but still full of vim and vinegar, is playing a part in bringing it about.

Big Bill is a character the like of whom we will probably not see again. A massive man, ruling his carpenters with an iron fist, he is the only American labor leader I have heard of who has dared to deed the presidency of his union over to his own son. This he did several years ago when he arranged for his heir, Maurice Hutcheson, to take over, while he retired to a position behind the throne. He retained his seat as first vice-president of the AFL, however.

For years Big Bill Hutcheson served as chairman of the labor committee of the Republican Party during Presidential campaigns. His allegiance to the GOP was constant and unwavering, unlike that of his old sparring mate John L. Lewis, who flirted with Roosevelt for



two terms before he concluded that FDR had no sense of gratitude and returned briefly to the Republicans in 1940.

But anyone can see that Hutcheson and Lewis have much in common as labor leaders and so it was not too surprising a few years back when they began seeing each other again on a chummy basis. Several months ago Lewis traveled to Indianapolis to be chief speaker at a dinner celebrating Big Bill's eightieth birthday.

*Big Bill* (*offering Lewis a cigar*): John, whatever were you thinking of when you started that crazy CIO thing?

*John L.* (*refusing Hutcheson's cigar and offering one of his own in return*): We organized a lot of workers, Bill. But they turned out to be ungrateful too. People are so ungrateful.

*Big Bill*: Ain't it the truth? Now you take my son Maurice. Sometimes I think he wants to run the union himself.

Hutcheson was never able to persuade his cronies on the AFL executive council to embrace Republicanism. Nevertheless, he remained a major power in the AFL hierarchy, particularly during the lifetime of William Green, the late AFL president. Putting it in a nutshell, Green seems to have been afraid of him. Of course Hutcheson carried over eight hundred thousand carpenters in his pocket and that had something to do with it, even though he refused to pay per capita on more than six hundred thousand.

Whenever Hutcheson ran afoul of some other AFL union, such as the Machinists, who claimed title to a few workers whom Hutch knew belonged in the Carpenters, or whenever the AFL did something he didn't like, he would threaten to pull his union out of the AFL. Green almost always gave in.

Then last year Green died and George Meany succeeded him. It became evident that Meany was a different type from Green and it was a sure thing that he was not afraid of Big Bill.

Such was the background when the members of the AFL executive council gathered in Chicago on August 10 for one of their more historic meetings.

The meeting started off by listening to Joe Ryan, president of the International Longshoreman's Association. Joe pleaded for a chance to be allowed to kick the business of reforming the ILA around until it got lost.

The council rejected this plea and voted to recommend to this month's convention of the AFL that Ryan's union be suspended for chronic corruption.

Some of the reporters standing around were disappointed because the council did not recommend outright expulsion, but after a little reflection they concluded that suspension was good enough for now and maybe a lot smarter in the long run.

The next thing the council did was take up the question of a no-raiding agreement with the CIO. Once again Hutcheson threatened to pull the Carpenters out of the federation. Meany said, "Go ahead," and the council voted to recommend approval of the pact.

A few hours later Maurice showed up, as if by magic, and presented a letter to Meany withdrawing the Carpenters from the AFL. The nub of it was in this curious paragraph:

"We have no objections to no-raiding agreements between all organizations in or out of the AFL; however, if the AFL is not able to control its own affiliates, our organization being no exception, we fail to see where there is any benefit to the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America to continue paying per capita tax to the AFL."

What Maurice meant to say I don't know, but what happened is that for perhaps the first time the AFL executive council showed that it *is* able to control its own affiliates, the United Brotherhood of Carpenters "being no exception."

Meany did not pursue Big Bill to cajole him back into the fold. He simply announced that the first vice-



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presidency was vacant and everybody should move up one, like the guests at the Mad Hatter's tea party. In another surprise move the council (this time over Meany's objections) voted to fill the vacant thirteenth vice-presidency with the substantial figure of Dave Beck, the new and ambitious president of the giant Teamsters' union, even though this meant that the truckdrivers will now have two members on the council. This immediately put a stop, however, to all talk of Beck's joining John L. Lewis and Dave McDonald of the CIO Steelworkers in a third labor federation (also known as " the Phantom Phederation"). Beck also announced that henceforth the Teamsters would pay per capita on 1,250,000 members, which is about what they actually have, instead of 600,000 as heretofore. Thus the loss of the carpenters would leave no financial hole in the AFL's superstructure.

But the important thing about this meeting is that it removed Ryan and Big Bill Hutcheson from the AFL picture. These men were symbols of all that was most unattractive about the AFL in the eyes of the leaders of the CIO. Ryan was the racketeer personified and Hutcheson the reactionary Republican and old-line labor czar who threw his 800,000 carpenters around like a giant sandbag wherever there was need of a good substantial roadblock in the path of progress.

If the AFL can drive Ryan and Hutcheson out, these CIO leaders now figure, then there must be something solid, something decent, in the AFL.

I think this meeting of the AFL executive council in Chicago has brought labor unity a lot closer than it was a month ago, and it wasn't too far away then.

### *MORE ABOUT SOME EX-COMMUNISTS*

A FRIEND has written in to reproach me for saying that Arthur Osman and the other leaders of the Distributive Processing and Office Workers Union, CIO, have "freed themselves from the Communist yoke" (see "The Hearn's Strike," issue of July 17/53).

He points out that after I wrote that piece six top officers of the DPOWU refused to tell the Velde Committee whether they were or ever had been Communists, and then ducked behind the Fifth Amendment.

I have quoted some of the nasty things that the *Daily Worker* and *Political Affairs,* Communist magazine, have been calling Osman and friends. I know that Osman and friends have called the Communist Party some even nastier things. I also pointed out some fairly serious differences of opinion. It has been my experience, and the experience of those more expert than myself, that once the policy splits start and name-calling reaches the bitter and public stage it has now reached in the case of these men and the Communist Party, peace and solidarity are rarely, if ever, re-established. I know of no similar instance in which the Party has forgiven and forgotten. The Party just doesn't work that way.

Exactly why the DPOWU leaders ducked I don't know. Maybe they consider themselves some kind of Titoists. I don't know. All I know is that the evidence of their split with the Party is too strong to ignore, and so I don't think I want to change my testimony, Your Honor.

JOHN C. CORT.

# THE SCREEN

### *A STAR IS BORN*

WE'VE had many a movie about romances between royalty and commoners, and even between poor-little-rich-girls and bums-on-the-loose, but never before have we had the subject handled with such charm and distinction as in "Roman Holiday." Credit producer-director William Wyler for shooting the works on this one by making the amusing script by Ian McLellan Hunter and John Dighton (from a story by Hunter) seem even more amusing and weighty than it is, by making Gregory Peck, as an American correspondent in Rome, give one of the best and most ingratiating performances of his career, by using so well the buildings and streets of Rome, where all the film was photographed, that you actually have the feeling of visiting both the familiar and unfamiliar places, and by making a star of Audrey Hepburn, who adds a radiant loveliness to the whole proceedings.

When I first saw the youthful Miss Hepburn playing minor roles in English movies, I was only mildly impressed; when I met her a few months back, I was very definitely impressed by her good sense and enchanting manner; but when I saw her in "Roman Holiday" I was completely won over; and I must add my huzzahs to those of other enthusiasts who are singing her praises. In this film she plays a nineteen-year-old princess (country not named, but she will remind you again and again of Princess Margaret) who is next in line to the throne and is on a good-will tour of Europe. In Rome, rebelling against speeches, state function and dignitaries, she has a case of nerves—and who can blame her? After a doctor gives her a sedative, she steals out of the handsome palace housing the embassy and tries to see the town on her own. Fortunately, or unfortunately, she is picked up by newspaperman Peck who takes her to his apartment to save her from being arrested as a drunk. Not till the next day does he discover who she is; then after promising his editor an exclusive story and without revealing his identity to the princess, he shows her the town assisted by a photographer (Eddie Albert) who takes a series of



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candid snapshots to illustrate Peck's ungentlemanly article about a princess on the loose.

Although William Wyler has directed the first part of this picture with such a slow pace that it drags, everything picks up considerably as you find yourself, along with Peck, falling in love with this attractive girl who is such a curious mixture of innocence, naiveté, good breeding and sophistication. And Audrey Hepburn is thoroughly convincing in conveying the change that takes place in this girl in some twenty-four hours.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

# COMMUNICATIONS

## "McCARTHYISM"

Russellville, Ark.

TO the Editors: To the very stimulating discussion, "McCarthyism: A Challenge and Reply" [The Commonweal, August 28, 1953], and particularly to the editors' highly valid point that Communists and fellow-travelers do not do not make up the "hard-core" of anti-McCarthyism, the following thoughts might be added.

The basic motivations behind what might be termed pro-Communist and anti-Communist anti-McCarthyism are totally dissimilar. The pro-Communist group gives a verbal opposition to McCarthyism as part of a long-standing myth they have sought to build about themselves, with greater or lesser success as the fortunes of the Popular Front rose and fell: a myth that Communists are really liberals and progressives, firm in their support of traditional civil libertarian doctrine.

Consistency with the myth and its perpetuation demand a vocal opposition to McCarthyism. But the realities have repeatedly been exposed, as in their support for the use of the Smith Act against the Trotskyites in 1941 (and their opposition to its use against themselves in 1949 and since), and in the one-sided approach to the Bill of Rights, exemplified in the Civil Rights Congress, which could find time to defend only Communists and fellow-travelers. Performance has demonstrated that the myth is in truth exactly that; Communists are concerned only for their own civil liberties, not for the rights of those who differ with them. In reality they are at least in a parallel camp to the McCarthyites on the issue of civil liberties.

Communists cannot but rejoice in the disruption which those forces included in the label "McCarthyism" have brought into our lives at home, and for the loss of confidence in the strength of our democracy felt by our allies throughout the free world.

The concern of true liberals is with the threat to our traditional democratic institutions, to which freedom of thought and expression are absolutely central, posed both by Communists and McCarthyites.

JOHN J. HEBAL.

Berkeley, Calif.

TO the Editors: I wish to express my enthusiasm over your reply to Mr. Burnham. It seems to me that Mr. Burnham has been carried a few leagues too far by his understandable annoyance with people who forget that McCarthy has no Red army and no atom bomb, whereas Malenkov unfortunately has both, and that by this token at least the struggle against Malenkov is the "main show." Granted that there are some liberals who are inadequately aware of this obvious truth, their existence does not justify or even excuse Mr. Burnham's deprecation of those who are irreconcilable to both Communism and the tendencies of which Senator McCarthy is the symbol.

I do not foresee, as Mr. Burnham seems to do, a world divided into Communists and their fellow-travelers on the one hand and those who advocate or at least condone McCarthyism on the other. In any event, if such a "regrouping" were to take place, it would be the greatest possible calamity, for it would make a Communist victory certain. Even on the domestic scene, the Communists, weak though they are, cannot be decisively defeated except through an appeal to the common man's sense of freedom and to his belief in the dignity of the human person. The Communists can therefore not be defeated by "anti-Communists" who give themselves the lie when they speak of these ideals. On the international scene, where the most vital battles will have to be fought, this is even more true: McCarthyism and its vociferous protagonists have distorted the picture of the United States in the eyes of many Europeans and Asians and have certainly contributed more than "uprooted liberalism" to the weakness of the anti-Communist front. Victory over world Communism—the victory on which our national existence and the freedom and dignity of man depend—is possible only if American public opinion visibly and unmistakably disassociates itself from McCarthyism.

CARL LANDAUER.

Phoenix, Arizona

TO the Editors: Your kind and in many ways reassuring "Reply" of August 28 to that anti-anti-McCarthy "Inquiry" seemed to me, for the most part, to clarify the differences. Perhaps, on the basis of the reply, some of the questions can be more clearly and usefully stated.

1. On the one hand, you "do not believe that there is any justification for a 'third force' between the McCarthy and the anti-McCarthy camps." On the other hand, I do not believe that the significant



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political forces ought to, or in fact do, take their positions in reference or regard to Senator McCarthy at all. Those who do not seek out more direct and important issues than McCarthyism as a basis for their politics are in grave danger of political and ideological *hara-kiri.*

2. In your "Reply" of August 28, you state that you "have wondered" where a lot of people of the presumed Right, or conservative, mode stand on McCarthyism. Not so in July. In that "Genghis Khan" editorial you and the Alsops were *telling* us that McCarthy had united all right-wing groups from *a* to *z* under his Tartar banner. My contention is that the anti-McCarthy side is much more fully formed and and identifiable than the supposed pro-McCarthy side; and furthermore, that there is no clear traditional Right and Left division involved.

Two conclusions, among many, which seem to result from this are: anti-McCarthyism, embracing as its most sure and fervent supporters—and those with the clearest politics—"the Communists . . . the Fifth Amendment boys, and the witnesses unfriendly . . . and those who support the disingenuous organizations of the Attorney General's List, and the Appeasers . . ." shows characteristics of a "United Front" ramp for various liberals of Right and Left.

Secondly, there is no reason why The Commonweal should expect people of the Right, Left, or Center to "stand up and be counted" on an issue of McCarthyism which you have built up to inflated, unrealistic dimensions which hide more serious issues. In practical fact, the vast section of the population which has not joined the *anti*-McCarthyites, and which is still the preponderance of the country, has not yet lined up in significant numbers and orientation for McCarthy.

3. My "avalanche of anti-McCarthyism" buries important issues. Your "virus of McCarthyism" poisons national life. Because one of these metaphors describes the Antis, and the other the Pros, both could have truth.

While supporting my "avalanche" all out, I'm willing to buy a piece of your "virus" figure of speech, too. As you put it, to the extent that a "Senator can use the powers of the Federal Government to persecute an editor . . . when the nation becomes so fearful of freedom that tough stories . . . when a respected publisher . . ." *to that extent* "America has been defeated." Along this bypath I faithfully follow The Commonweal, while making allowances for gross exaggeration.

But there seems to me in The Commonweal argument a distorting fixation upon this special *line* of American defeat. Of course—naturally, obviously—in a world of the fading West, of Nazism, Communism, Super-statism, Super-capitalism, Super-scientific-industrialism, and of world-wide wars, the American idea and even American past achievement are in many ways, along many lines, defeated.

4. Your locating and isolation of the American totalitarian virus, and your diagnosis of its strength, appear to me arbitrary and partial. McCarthyism is pinned down in your Reply as "internal totalitarianism in reaction against an external one."

The McCarthy virus in contrast to the "external," or Russian and International or general Communist, virus seems to me a wasp's sting compared to a rattler's. Also, McCarthy operates within the framework of American institutions and experience which provide easier check, balance and control.

Why do you oppose the McCarthy "virus" to an "external virus"? You are not likely referring to the Senator's service with the Marines across the Pacific. There are many domestic, internal bearers of the full-strength Communist virus. This virus, in itself devastating, also by its association—even identity—with Soviet and world-wide Communism has very great and unpleasant potency. It is a malady of tragic proportions which McCarthy's deviations from health do not approach within astronomical distance.

5. The Commonweal claims it "did not create Senator McCarthy." Did McCarthy create Communism?

PHILIP BURNHAM.


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# Two Protestant Approaches to Social Problems

CHRISTIAN FAITH AND SOCIAL ACTION. Edited by John A. Hutchison. Scribners. $3.50.

SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE BUSINESSMAN. By Howard R. Bowen. Harper. $3.50.

By JOHN F. CRONIN

THE first reaction of the Catholic social scientist upon reading these recent Protestant studies of social order is one of pleasure. It is gratifying to examine such religiously inspired and realistic treatments of the social problems of our day. If any among us still retains the stereotypes based on the works of Weber, Tawney, and Troeltsch, these books should open our eyes to the tremendous progress which now characterizes Protestant social thought. Individualism has yielded to the ideal of social responsibility. The concept of vocation has been restored to its original purity, purged of the later Puritan ideas which too often equated riches and godliness.

In the symposium edited by John A. Hutchison, the path of progress is spelled out in some detail. The fourteen contributors belong to an organization long known as Frontier Fellowship, but currently incorporated into a broader group entitled Christian Action. They were formed as a society of Christians of the left, who reacted against the evils of contemporary society. Not only did they oppose any smug religious acceptance of the *status quo,* but they also attacked the "shallow liberalism" and pacifism of the "advocates of the Social Gospel." They felt that too many religious reformers overstressed the role of Christian love to the detriment of justice. Likewise these reformers failed to allow for the effect of original sin.

If the advocates of the Social Gospel erred by understressing the need for law and coercion, other Christian reformers went to the other extreme and embraced elements of Marxism. Even the Frontier Fellowship was not immune from this taint in its beginnings. Gradually, however, it was realized that socialism was not the answer, but rather that the emphasis must rest upon the human person, living in community. "The problem of ethics, so conceived, was to oppose social structures and arrangements which degrade personality, and to promote those which fulfill personality. The ethical task is the humanization of man."

This central theme is elaborated in the fourteen essays. They are written on a high philosophical and theological level, but nevertheless contain trenchant commentaries on current social and political problems. This reviewer was particularly impressed by the essays of Paul Tillich ("The Person in a Technical Society"), Eduard Heimann


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("Christian Liberty and Totalitarianism"), Will Herberg ("Can Social Problems be Solved?"), and Reinhold Niebuhr ("Christian Faith and Social Action").

CONTRASTING with the rather lofty treatment found in the Frontier Fellowship symposium is the down-to-earth practicality of Professor Bowen's study. The author defines social responsibilties as "the obligations . . . to pursue those policies, to make those decisions, or to follow those lines of action which are desirable in terms of the objectives and values of our society." These objectives, and the policies which should flow from them, are carefully and realistically analyzed.

Professor Bowen notes the great strides taken by American business in the direction of increased social responsibility. At the same time, he charts areas in which further progress is necessary. His treatment concludes with a brief study of partially solved or unsolved ethical problems which confront the business man. The author's approach to these problems can serve as a model for the religiously inspired social scientist. There is always a clear distinction between ends and means, between ethical goals and practical projects for realizing these goals.

Of particular interest is his analysis of profits and the profit-motive, topics which too often have been treated in a rather unrealistic fashion by religious critics of the social order. We note with F. Ernest Johnson, whose commentary on the study is included at the conclusion of the book, the surprising absence of any comment on profit-sharing. The treatment of the Industry-Council Plan is balanced and sympathetic.

In spite of the excellence of both studies, the clarity and precision found in the natural-law approach to social problems is missing. The writers of the Frontier-Fellowship symposium frankly admit a pragmatic approach to social policy. Professor Bowen is often hesistant to pronounce on the need for basic structural changes in economic society. Yet the full realization of the human personality calls for more than right motives or even the proper functioning of existing social organizations, such as corporations and labor unions. We need a pluralistic, organic society in which the individual and groups subject to his immediate influence are centers of effective economic and political power. In this way the freedom and security of individuals and families will be safeguarded, so far as possible, by the very structure of social life itself.


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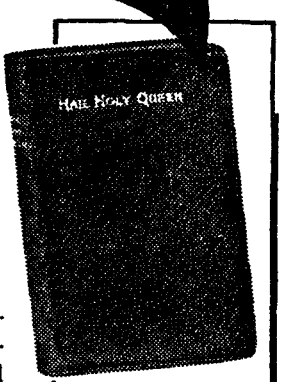


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## Romantic Affair

THE COLORS OF THE DAY. By Romain Gary. Translated by Stephen Becker. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

AFTER 1848 and the Commune of '71, after the collapse of the internationalist movement in 1914, and Spain in the thirties and the Resistance in the forties, what is there left for the man of causes? It was France that raised the modern cry, Liberty Equality, Fraternity. And it is a Frenchman, Romain Gary, quite conscious of his national tradition, who asks this question. But he cannot answer it, or even suggest an answer.

He cannot because he relies on a fictional tradition which belongs to a world in which his question is not even asked: that of the romantic novel. When the hero and heroine of Gary's novel meet, they are violently and immediately drawn into a relationship which contains only ecstasy. The Communist bartender, the drunken humanitarian, the prostitute, watch as Jacques and Ann meet. And Jacques says, "I nearly gave up waiting for you."

The impact is anachronistic, jarring. The romantic love which existed in the work of the Brontes and Jane Austen, in Hardy and



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even in Henry James, is almost totally absent from our serious contemporary literature. It is no accident that Joyce describes a Molly Bloom or an Anna Livia Plurabelle, and Mann a Clavida, and Faulkner a Lena or a Temple Drake. Their women are part of the total complexity which their modern sensibility perceives—they cannot be the romantic heroines of the past.

And so, when Gary's anguished either/or is set up between the romantic love affair and the romantic lost cause, his fictional equation lacks the terrible reality of the very real question which he proposes to solve with it.

Gary is somewhat more convincing with his other characters, paradoxically because they are surrealistically drawn. There are Willie, the movie star, La Marne, the disillusioned idealist of the leftward thirties, Soprano, the hired assassin, and a Hoelderin-like mad Baron. With the exception of Soprano they are intellectuals without love or cause. They are grotesque. Yet the buffoon can often express the deep despair of the human heart—witness Dostoevsky. One of the best scenes takes place during a flower carnival when Willie and La Marne confront each other in a frantic scene. Yet even here, among his clowns when he is at his best, Gary does not always observe the distinction betwen deep sympathy and bathos.

But it is the romantic journalism of anguish which pervades the book, and because of this *The Colors of the Day* is a failure. The denouement offers decisive evidence on this point. Willie and Soprano dead, Ann pregnant, Jacques and La Marne die in Indo-China while trying to cross the lines to meet with Stalinist friends, presumably on a mission of reconciliation. And Jacques dies with his hand clutching the tail of a monkey. This is the neat, fictional death that serves to end a novel. It has little or nothing to do with the violence which the twentieth century has known, which clings to our age like the smell of smoke.

Gary fails, but his question is agonizingly pertinent. It has been answered negatively by the Camus of *L'Etranger,* and affirmatively by the Faulkner of *Requiem for a Nun.* But their statement of the problem is not as between a romantic individualism and a romantic humanitarianism. They deal with the very real experience of our time, both on the level of statement and of fictional technique. Gary neither affirms nor negates. His romantic approach is an escape from the problem—and not an answer at all.

## Poverty's World

LITTLE NOVELS OF SICILY. By Giovanni Verga. Translated by D. H. Lawrence. Grove. $3.

By SERGE HUGHES

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great deal of time, have perhaps never understood it. Most of the city readers of this volume may have experienced it, oh so long ago, and they too have not succeeded in understanding it. By preference and untiring effort, we seek to make poverty something transitional. The difficulty in understanding it, in assessing it in life, is accompanied by a like difficulty in knowing how to deal with it in art. It is too commonly falsified into melodrama, strident proletarian propaganda, or cheap emotionalism.

Meditation on poverty is the essence of Verga's art, a meditation that culminates in the discovery that the nobility of the poor can be an awesome thing. Not the nobility of the clean conscience, the poor but honest, the intransigent defenders of the right. Rather a heroism completely different. The common moral heroism, says Verga, is the heroism of a cultured society. It can have no place in a society where men and nature abide in a state of perpetual and unremorseful struggle.

In Verga's society heroism is the incessant fight against a fatalism which would sap the last remnants of what remains precariously human in the poor. This struggle can admit of no higher law. It is fraud against fraud, force against force. Morality is something priests speak about from the pulpit; perhaps something possible when the constant fear of sudden death and ruin has been considerably attenuated. This is the masive assertion of Verga, that there is here a heroism which must be admired, different as it is from what we are familiar with. That this assertion be understood by readers who have not lived in such a time and such a place is to expect too much of art; there is a limit to the extent that novel reading can replace vital experience.

There is, of course, more to Verga than this constant preoccupation with the possibility of heroism. There is also the chaste and colorful light of his countrysides and lakes and arid land, alluded to with such restraint and brevity that the effect is overpowering. There is the pride of the artist and Sicilian who will not permit the reader to feel sorry for his poor; they must feel sorry with his poor.

Such is the alien, lost world of Verga. Who is to say what is resignation and what is fatalism among those broken lives? Of what elusive truth are these poor the custodians? Verga is a difficult novelist.

---

# The Little Way

LOVE IS MY VOCATION. By Tom Clarkson. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.

By MARJORIE CROWE HUGHES

THERESE of Lisieux, like Francis of Assisi, has been the subject of numerous biographies. The two saints have a great deal in common. They loved birds and flowers; they wrote poems; they were possessors of the eternal and indefinable charm of the childlike. Both saints, too, have suffered from a romantic presentation in which the stark suffering and spiritual joy of their lives have


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disappeared under gobs of pretty piety. Therese even more than Francis perhaps has been a victim of the sticky school so that when one turns to her autobiography the shock of her sanctity, the terrifying inflexibility of her will to love, is likely to obscure her human personality.

In *Love Is My Vocation,* a new biography of Therese, the author has, happily, neglected neither. All the childlike charm of the saint is in his book along with the less apparent qualities of warmth and wit and gaiety, and they are of a piece with the iron will and passionate suffering. This fascinating heroine is not someone the author dreamed up. She comes to life through his discriminating account of her recorded words and deeds in context.

Paradoxically, it is through the maturity of the portrait that one begins to see that Therese's popular names, Little Flower, Little Queen, are not so much an excess of sentimentality as an example of the inadequacy of words to convey beauty. She was indeed lovely like a flower, awe-inspiring like a queen, little to her Lord.

During the last months of her life when she was too feeble to dip pen in ink Therese finished, in pencil, the story of her life. "We must economize,' she remarked, "we must write between the lines." In *Love Is My Vocation* Mr. Clarkson has written between the lines. He has written with detachment, insight, delicacy and reverence. After closing his book one does not imagine Therese; one remembers her. This is hagiography at its best.

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"This creative act is in itself a free act. This creative act, like all creative acts, does involve a loss of freedom. The man who has built a house cannot recover that castle in the air that he made and re-made while he was merely planning the house. In that sense we can say if we like that the man who makes a house makes a prison. There is about every great work something final, but it is quite true that this work is felt to have a peculiar sort of finality. The passion of a man in his youth has found its right road and reached its right goal, and though love need not be over, the search for love is over.

"By the test of this aim and achievement all the things condemned by Christian ethics fall into their various degrees of error. To prolong the search in a sentimental fashion, long after it has any relation to the real work of a man, is an error in varying degrees; often it is no more than undignified and ridiculous: turpe senilis amor. To allow the search to stray in such a fashion as to destroy other homes healthily established is, by this definition obviously wrong. To cultivate a perversion in the mind which actually removes the desire for the fruitful act is horribly wrong. To purchase the mere sterile pleasure from a sterile class is wrong. To maneuver in some scientific fashion, so as to filch the pleasure without taking the responsibilities of the act, is logically and inherently wrong. It is like swaggering about with a medal without going to the war."


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# SHEPHERD'S TARTAN IS RUNNING AWAY

*and a book that runs away, unlike a bolting horse (or swan), is pure joy—just so you get your second* printing in in time, and we did. Now we can sit back and watch **Sister Mary Jean Dorcy** careering off, with just an occasional cheer (like this) to encourage her. (It's a shame we haven't got a picture of a nun on a bolting horse, we've got nearly everything else, but fell down sadly on this. However.) In case you haven't been attending seriously to our publicity, **SHEPHERD'S TARTAN** ($2.50) is a book about convent life written from inside the convent by a sister with an enchanting sense of humor.

An author who is deadly serious about his subject but never for an instant takes himself seriously is hard to resist. That, we think, is one reason why no reviewer so far has failed to like **Niall Brennan's THE MAKING OF A MORON** ($2.50). There is an atmosphere of footloose cheerfulness about the way he turns up in one weird job after another, observes his fellow workers (in process of becoming morons or not), the conditions and particular advantages or disadvantages—and goes on. In between times he takes time out to cut down trees, produce a play, or put a roof (only slightly crooked) on a new chapel. When Mr. Brennan gets here for his lecture tour this Fall we are going to present him with a copy of **John Wu's THE INTERIOR CARMEL** ($3.25), and ask him whether that isn't the answer. This is a book on how to be contemplative without a cloister, and we can think of nothing that would more effectively prevent workers being turned into morons than to have them all busily working at becoming contemplatives, nor anything that would have a more revolutionary effect on the modern industrial system (**THE INTERIOR CARMEL,** by the way, is worth reading even if you aren't feeling in danger of turning into a moron. The central idea is the linking of the Beatitudes to the stages of the mystical life).

Last week we told you of four books to be published on September 16th: **THE MOUSE HUNTER** by **Lucile Hasley** ($2.75)—more Hasley-in-Distress essays and five short stories: if you enjoyed **REPROACHFULLY YOURS** you will certainly enjoy this: you might even if you didn't. **RUE NOTRE DAME** by **Abbe Daniel Pezeril,** a novel about the newest and oldest sort of French priest, with an introduction by **Bruce Marshall** ($2.50), **A HANDFUL OF AUTHORS** by **G. K. Chesterton** ($3.00) (you will be particularly amused by his views on Louisa May Alcott), and **HILAIRE BELLOC: No Alienated Man** by **Frederick Wilhelmsen** ($2.75), an attempt to disentangle the essential Belloc from the mass of his writings.

***At any bookstore***

The current **TRUMPET** contains, among other things, a portrait of Belloc by Jean Charlot and an article on him by F. J. Sheed. To get the **TRUMPET** free and postpaid, write to Lucy MacGill

**SHEED & WARD** **New York**



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